



An American Department Store, early winter, Day turning to Dusk.

Close up of a Crucifix at the end of a necklace, sitting just atop some very nice milky white cleavage. Shot pulls out to reveal a young cropped hair brunette looking through a clearance rack filled with mixed gender clothing. She is wearing a low cut sweater and a forest green and black plaid skirt, almost Catholic schoolgirl style, but not quite. Cut to a taller, about six foot, thirty something bearded man with mildly dark olive skin and dark brown wispy shoulder length hair that fashionably compliments his oddly-unkempt-yet-presentable beard. He is wearing one earth toned made to order biblical disciple sort of robe.

Close up on His eyes, which are a deep deep green mixed with a brownish tannish sort of base. As though the green were absorbing the forest green from the girl's skirt, and the brown and tan fluttered Iris-side for the express purpose of intensely reminding all of ancient arid deserts and the rich soil which must surely lie below the ground surface. His eyes are very kind, but, there is a hint of hunger in them. Mischievous smiling eyes, they are.

Man: Nice, but I'm thinking that she probably wouldn't like that. She's too insecure nowadays for such tight clothing. Why not get her some sort of business suit. She'll certainly be able to use it now...

Girl : (her eyes sheepishly brought to his, cheeks flush with anxiety, an understanding on her face as though she almost expected him to say such a thing).....th....thanks.....

She keeps her eyes locked on his as her face is turning, with her body, to leave that immediate vicinity. He nods slowly with his smile and their eyes break. He stares for a beat and then drops his face with a knowing grin. Him knowing that he was just too much for that moment.

Wide tree line shot of the outside of the department store (front doors, Store Marquee, approaching assorted people). Birds chirping. Leaves blowing mildly. Dolly shot past line of parked cars, from the front of the cars, where they have pulled into the spots. Stop at an empty spot. Up pulls an all red sporty sedan car. ALL red. Like mysteriously red. The hubcaps on the wheels have red and white candy striped spirals. A montage of mid range and close up shots of the door to the car opening and a man stepping out. From his dirty dark brown moccasin-like leather boots to his very dark and dirty deep reddish brown matching pants and jacket outfit. The man is about six feet tall, although very broad shouldered and stocky. He has a long gangly gray and white beard and legions of tight facial wrinkles that make him appear to be about seventy years of age. But, his physical rigidity and overall appearance give one leave to assume him a mid-fifties weather worn veteran of the open road. His jacket seems to have lost it's Motorcycle Club emblem. His VroomFriends probably call him "Papa" something. His smile (coupled with marble blue eyes as clear and white as a baby's) makes you instantly forget what you were thinking about. Only leaders and nomads possess such smiles.

Gray Beard starts walking quick like towards the store. He looks down at his wrist watch, and we see that it is handmade, out of wood, and is emitting a whirring old spring wound sound. There exist a confusing mess of hands on the watch, and the face appears to be split up not only into the hours of the half day, but also into the seasons and what appear to be a marking of decades and centuries. He continues his brisk storming of the store. He charges into the already opened automatic double doors, past the registers area, and spots a section directly back and heads towards it. He moves his large outstretched hand in a sort of unmistakably wizardral way that makes a large row of navy blue sports jackets on a rack appear to one by one through themselves and then separate at one particular one towards the back end of the row. His size. He grabs it from the rack as he stomps by it, not missing a marching step, and heads further to the back of the store to the fitting rooms, smiling the whole damn time.

Cut to our first dark skinned robe wearer. Brown Beard, we shall call him. As smily Gray Beard whizzes past in the nearby lane, Brown Beard is kneeling, eyes closed, feeling the bottom of a trench coat, one might assume for the quality of the stitching. Camera moves in as he moves his hands slowly up the inside seam of the button row, attentively, sensually making peace with the fabric, it would seem. He opens up one of the fronts of the trench coat and sticks his hand into the inside pocket he finds there, making a pleasingly surprised "hmmf" sound. He takes the coat off of the rack and proceeds to the back of the store to the fitting area.

The back of the store is a calm quiet place and appears to be desolate compared to the activity the front of the store has contained. Brown Beard walks into the "fitting rooms" doorway in the back of the store, and makes a left into a hallway lined with doors that lead into stalls on the right. Only one of them is closed. He senses the other person in the closed stall, and hears and feels a low happy rumbling hum coming from what is apparently the man in there. He enters the stall next door and takes the cue to start humming to himself as well.

He normally finds himself mulling over ancient middle eastern folk mantras, but considering where he is and when he is, he starts to hum some pop fare that he had relatively recently come to be infatuated with. He starts humming the Christmas Carol "Silent Night".

After a bar, he stops, as he notices that the man next to him has stopped humming. Several moments pass before this man starts up again. It is a very bouncy, spry and lovely rocking tune. Brown Beard, of course realizing that everyone within miles of him breathes and lives within such popular modes of tempo and melody, nevertheless feels as though he recognizes this particular tune more than others he has heard during the day. Feels as though it is deliberately more familiar. Brown Beard's suspicions are confirmed when his musical neighbor, Gray Beard, mutters a few words amidst his steady humming...."here comes santa claus, here comes sanhmm hmm. Mmmm mmm...."

Brown Beard: Ahem.....Kris? SanClaus?

The humming stops.

Santa (Gray Beard): Hello Yeshua.

Jesus: hah..hmm...how's it going?

S: not too bad. In a hurry. Always in a hurry, I am. I have to get going here to an Elvin Workers' Union Meeting. It never stops my dear boy.

J: Gosh, that sounds nice. I'm so bored most of the time. These people. They're so boring, and they are so easily weakened, that I find it hard to be around them without feeling as though they are scared or bothered, or I don't even know what it is! People've changed.

S: oh man, tell me about it. But, I've found that if you follow it closely, it's not so hard to keep up with. In fact, I'm growing rather fond of the fast pace that I see the world taking. I even bought a car. It's outside. It's reeeaaaaal nice. It's a fucking shame, Jayman, that I can't enjoy it more. Always up in snow land, taking care of bullshit.....garrrrr!.....man, I need a vacation....

J:well, what do you think about trading places with me? With our magical auras, It'd probably take a while before anyone noticed enough to raise questions. You know how things work up there...and you could spend all of your time down here, no problem....have yourself a nice vacation....enjoy the, ummm, people....

S: (after a short pause)can you drive stick?....

So. They trade clothes, the Jesus and the Santa, and Jesus' robe doesn't stretch too bad on Santa's bulbous shoulders, and although he has to cinch the belt on the pants to the last notch, Santa's suit doesn't look nearly as ridiculous on our dear Yeshua as one might have thought. Santa tells Jesus about the car outside and how to fly it to the North Pole, and a bit about the few things he might have to worry about there. Jesus tells Santa about his few duties in the clouds and reminds him to watch himself with the divine intervention and such. Jesus walks out first, with a saggy Santa suit on, and, albeit a bit choppy at first, maneuvers the SantaSedan out of there. After a few moments, Santa, sexily stretching the ancient soft textile over his hulkingly relaxed shoulders, saunters out of the automatic doors with a deep calm sigh, half closed eyes, and a smile as wide as ever...

Because You Never Knew the Imaginary Line

Some nights I would lift you with my back
and set you on your half.
Or give you my arm,

and you would squeeze it against your chest,
like a stuffed animal,
until it fell asleep before I did.

Once I even laid still for 20 minutes in quiet debate
before bouncing myself over you,
taking the empty space.

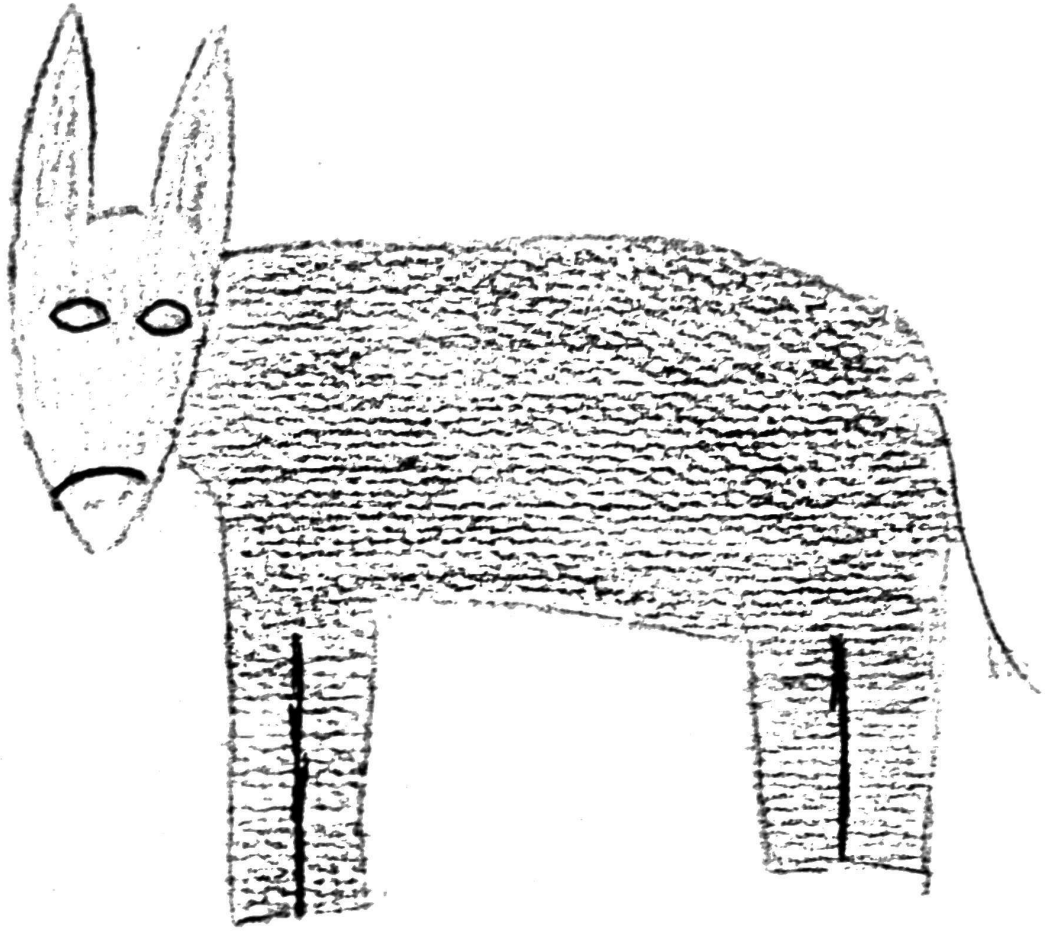
And now I know this about love:
sleeping in compromising positions,
living with the numb and tingle

of lost circulation, is the cost of
waking up to those soft feelings
of legs and warm morning sheets.

I know because now I live in Arcata
where each leg stretches out
to its own corner of the mattress

and without thinking, I've begun the habit
of tucking the extra pillow
tightly between the wall and my side

so that it pushes at me softly.



I wonder what my baby donkey thinks,
When he stands up in his field,
And looks at me.

Henry's Gift

By James Henderson

Them dogs are barkin again. The sound they make is causin my skin to tingle in that uncomfortable kinda way. It makes me wonder what they see out there in the black. Maybe its them bad men come around again with their fancy suits and neat like trimmed hair. All smiles and calm on the outside, but they don't know about me and my power to see the true in um. How could they though, Papa told me I was the secret weapon against the likes of them. No sir, you can't hide the true from me, if you got the wickedness I'll see it sure enough. Last time I seen um was when gramps died. Come to collect his body they said, but me and Pa knew different.

They showed up in those slick cars, black as coal, and them smiles plastered on um like they was made of teeth and not much more. All their suits looked the same, dark blue with them white shirts buttoned up so tight around the neck the skin bulged out. They was flashin papers with some official seals on um telling Papa he had to go along with it. When I stepped out from behind Papa their faces turned the color of them thin ties they wore, beet red.

I could see it right away in um. They tried to wear them dark glasses over their eyes to fool me, but it don't work. When I looked at um, they could tell I could see the true and it sure made them nervous. The one up front of the others, a fat sweaty thing with deep red pockmarks all over its face, started fidgeting from foot to foot under my stare. I stepped forward and could feel the power working through me; they slowly backed away from me and into them cars of theirs, scared to hell. We watched um peel out of our yard, kickin up a cloud of dust till we couldn't see um no more. Papa put his arm around me, telling me how proud he was of the good I been doin. He put his shotgun down on the porch and we both tended to gramps, then put him to the fire. Same thing I done a week ago to Papa when he went on to that other place.

I found me a flashlight, approached the door to go see what them dogs are about, quietly so's not to be heard. I looked outa the window beside the door to see if they was tryin to get the drop on me. Nothin there though, but they hide out there in the black, especially from me cause of my power. Papa's shotgun hung over the door and I quickly grabbed it up before turning the knob. I swung open the door, stepped out onto the porch, let off a blast before hollerin, "If you're out their watch out, my eyes are lookin. You know what they can do to you things." I could feel them out there sure as ever, hiding from me but keeping tabs on me too. They had to cuz I'm the only one who can spot um.

Nightmares hit me regular when I was a kid, all them monsters lookin like men comin to grab me up. That's when Papa told me the secret, how my ma passed on her power to me when she died bringin me into the world. "They can't ever get past ya son," he said. "Your made of the stuff they fear the most."

Everything went silent after that shotgun blast; even the dogs hushed up and cowered under the porch. Fear left years ago when we lost gramps, now I'm ready to do what I gotta so they don't win. "You blasted cowards," I whispered to them spooked dogs, as I walked out into the open and scanned the yard, "well whadja see." Even the crickets stopped their racket, everything got real quiet like, but I wasn't scared none.

Standin there I could hear a rustlin in the distance. Sounded like they was movin off, tryin to get away. I fired once in the direction of the noise and everything went silent again. They was still out there. I could smell um. Almost smell their fear. Maybe I got one. Grinnin I walked out further, hopin to find that noise.

There wasn't nothin there but a spot of blood. My shotgun got um, but he still got away. Too bad really. I never got to touch one a them bastards. Their blood reaks and made my nose crinkle. Lookin

around I thought I could feel um closin in again. Like a pack of wolves, frightened but too hungry to stay away. It was too dark to see anythin, so I closed my eyes and listened real close like.

Suddenly them dogs started barkin again. I opened me eyes and looked back towards the house. One of them dogs squealed and then they was quiet again. "You ain't gettin my dogs you bastards!" I yelled, and ran back to the house. I was surprised to see the dogs were there, unhurt except for one. He was rollin in the dirt like some crazed mole. "What'n the hell are you about mutt?" But then I could smell um. A skunk no doubt.

With another look around the yard I started back up the porch. Didn't seem like much was gunna happen. Them wicked one's like to try and scare me from time to time, but like I said, I don't take to bein afraid no more. They get me, then they get me. But they're more scared of me cause I can see right through um. Just before reachin the door I spun around again, hopin to catch um crawlin up from behind, but they wasn't there. Cowards.

Next morning I was visited by Sheriff Hastings. I seen his white Chevy slitherin into my yard. That gold star on the side caught the sunlight an nearly blinded me as I watched um from the kitchen window. I aint seen the sheriff in damn near a month. Not since he came to see Pa about allowin access to our place for some of them. What he call them? Appraisers, it was. That was when Pa told me there was no trustin Sheriff Hastings no more. I could tell that day when the sheriff was showin them appraisers around that the whole lot of um were tainted, but I didn't notice the sheriff. It was hard to see it at first, but Papa explained it all to me. He told me sometimes how those we know real good from the past can hide the true from even me cause of how much I used to trust um. When I seen him before he left that day I saw the true in um. Sheriff Hastings was one of um now and here he is pullin into my yard.

He pulled up next to the barn and slowly got out the car looking around all determined like. Them kaki britches he wore rode up some over them solid black shoes as if he was afraid of getting um wet even though it aint rained in over a month. He stopped after a couple steps and bent down pickin somethin of the ground. He wondered farther over to the edge of the gravel drive and bent down over the blood I'd spilt from that thing last night.

It was clear as I looked at um that this was gunna end badly. I grabbed up Pa's shotgun and leaned it up next to the door jam and just kept watchin. I guess he felt my eyes on um cause he stiffened up and slowly rose up to his feet, cockin his head slightly to the side. I wasn't scared none but it kinda gave me an unsettled feelin and I started reaching for Pa's shotgun when he spoke out at me.

"Henry," he said in a low kind of animal like way. "That you boy?" The sheriff turned then was looking at me where I stood just inside the door. His face was like stone, not a hint of expression, just serious as can be. He was wearin a large pair a them mirrored sunglasses that almost covered the whole of his face cept that unshaven jaw of his that was smirkin at me.

"Yes sir... sheriff." I answered back kinda sarcastic like. I was runnin my finger along the shotgun and tryin to be calm. Sheriff Hastings was the first of um I done had come see me since Pa passed. "What can I do ya for?"

"Just come on by to see your Pa is all. Old lady Cuthrey up the street said she heard some shootin at about... oh ...two in the a.m. this morning. You wouldn't know nothing about that would ya Henry." He was fiddling with somethin closed up in his hand and spread a wide toothy smile at me that brought memories back of them ones that done came for gramps.

"Somethin spooked them dogs last night is all. I thought it would scare um off whatever it was."

"Your Pa lettin ya shoot his Winchester huh. He always said he was a gunna bury that shotgun wit him. He let out a giggle and looked over his shoulder for a sec before turning back serious like, "looks like ya mighta got sometin."

"Whatever it was it got away." I said

"Looks that way." He replied serious as ever. He moved toward the porch all careful like and started whisperin to my dogs. As he got closer they begun growlin and barkin at him. He stopped at the first step and rested a foot atop it. He reached over with his left hand and placed my spent shell on the rail.

"Quiet now!" I yelled and them dogs calmed some.

After a look at them dogs he asked, "Well Henry, where is your pa then?"

"He gone out to Billings to see the doc," I answered.

Before Pa died he told me not to tell nobody cause he said I was too young to stay on alone at home. Pa said them things would salivate like them dogs at feedin time if they saw I was alone out here. I told Pa I wasn't scared of um and he knew I wasn't but he said its better to be safe then sorry.

"Is that a fact...OK ...Well that's strange Henry... cause I'm pretty sure I just saw your pa's pickup in the barn over there." His face got real serious like as he reached up and removed his hat and glasses. His eyes showed it real clear like at that moment, almost like he wanted me to see it. The true of Sheriff Hastins was lookin straight at me like a slap in the maw. It almost drew me in on account of how much I always wanted to touch one of um. There was a rippling on the sides of his head, and his skin was marked with them dark splotches but I tried to act like I didn't notice um.

Them dogs started to growl real low like and took to whimpering a bit. I tried to stay relaxed, leaned on the door jam and grabbed the shotgun with my right hand and held it, "well that's where he done said he was goin when he left this mornin."

It seemed to me he could tell I was on to um cause his face softened as he said, "Look I know you and your pa don't like this, but their aint much I can do to stop um from seizing the place. Unpaid tax is a bitch, but takin up the Foreclosure signs aint gunna stop it. Like I told your pa, you and he can come stay with Marjorie and me until ya'll figure out what to do next. Whatcha think Henry? Maybe you can convince your pa it's for the best"

I shrugged my shoulders in response as he started fidgeting back and forth all nervous like. He looked around the place in a way that I thought was to size up the weakness of the house. When he looked back at me his eyes had done turned color, they was an awful shade of black. I wasn't sure how much more I could take.

"I got them agents to let me come on out here first today cuz I wanted to calm your pa before they come drivin up. I don't like it none, but this property belongs to them now and I gotta take you and your pa outa here. Can you help me out Henry and tell me where your pa really is?"

I shrugged my shoulders again as the sheriff took another step up the porch then. His face was down right ghostly now as if every speck of blood had drained from his body. With a friendly type smile and a burnin fire in his eyes he reached out his hand toward me in such a way that made my skin crawl.

Off in the distance I seen a rollin up of dust as some cars started makin their way up the drive. Sheriff stopped reaching then, arm outstretched toward me and looked back over his shoulder also. He turned back toward me then and I could see a slight smile on his face and at that moment I knew I had to act.

I waited as he moved a bit closer to me then I reached out and grabbed his forearm with my left hand. His reaction was surprised, and a bit nervous. He struggled to detach my hand but I wasn't budgin. "What are ya doin Henry. Let go of me boy." His voice was squealin like a caged rat.

His lip curled up and he started slappin at my hand but I held on tight like. The power started wellin up from deep in my stomach and up into my arm. Then the smell hit, his arm cookin under my touch. The sheriff started screamin then while reaching for that revolver at his belt. His hand got to it but his strength gave way and he sunk to his knees.

The skin had all but burned away from the sheriff's arm by then as I took a look back up the drive. Them cars come round the corner of the barn in full view now. Four of them wicked looking white Ford sedans stopped about fifty yards from the sheriff and me. Eight men got out pointin guns at me as a dark man, with them same mirrored sunglasses they all wore, yelled, "Let the sheriff go boy," "Don't be a fool son, it doesn't have to be this way."

I turned my attention back toward what used to be the sheriff, the thing coward in fear and writhed in pain. "I seen ya sheriff, but they don't know. Do they." I raised my hand out toward them men and everythin went so bright white that it turned dark. The sound of gunfire broke out for a moment then I heard um, every one of um screaming with uncontrolled horror and pain. It stung my ears, as the sound got more guttural with each passin moment.

It was quiet now. Everythin was still except the writhing sheriff at my feet. It took me a couple minutes to get that white ball out from behind my eyelids so I could see again. The sheriff was almost bent over backward layin limp like, while sobbin lightly. Out near the barn stood them cars those bad men were drivin, but not one sign of any of um was left. Their guns littered the dirt, along with torn clothin and more than one splotch of blood.

After one more glance at the sheriff I let go of his arm and he slide backward down the porch stairs headfirst. I reached back inside the door and grabbed up pa's shotgun and walked across to the edge of the porch. The sheriff's arm was scorched black and was pussin out clumps of his tainted blood. He looked up at me with an intense fear I done never witnessed before.

"Please don't kill me Henry," he sobbed while tryin to right himself on his knees once more.

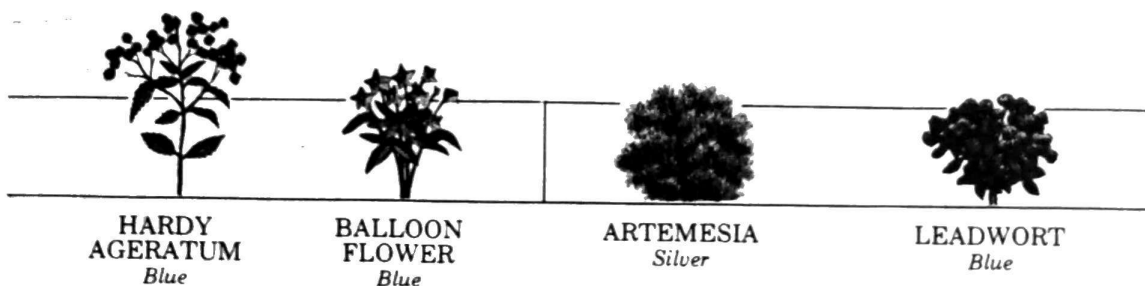
"You asked me where my pa went to," I said. "My pa is dead sheriff. This is my place now and no one is takin it from me. You understand me."

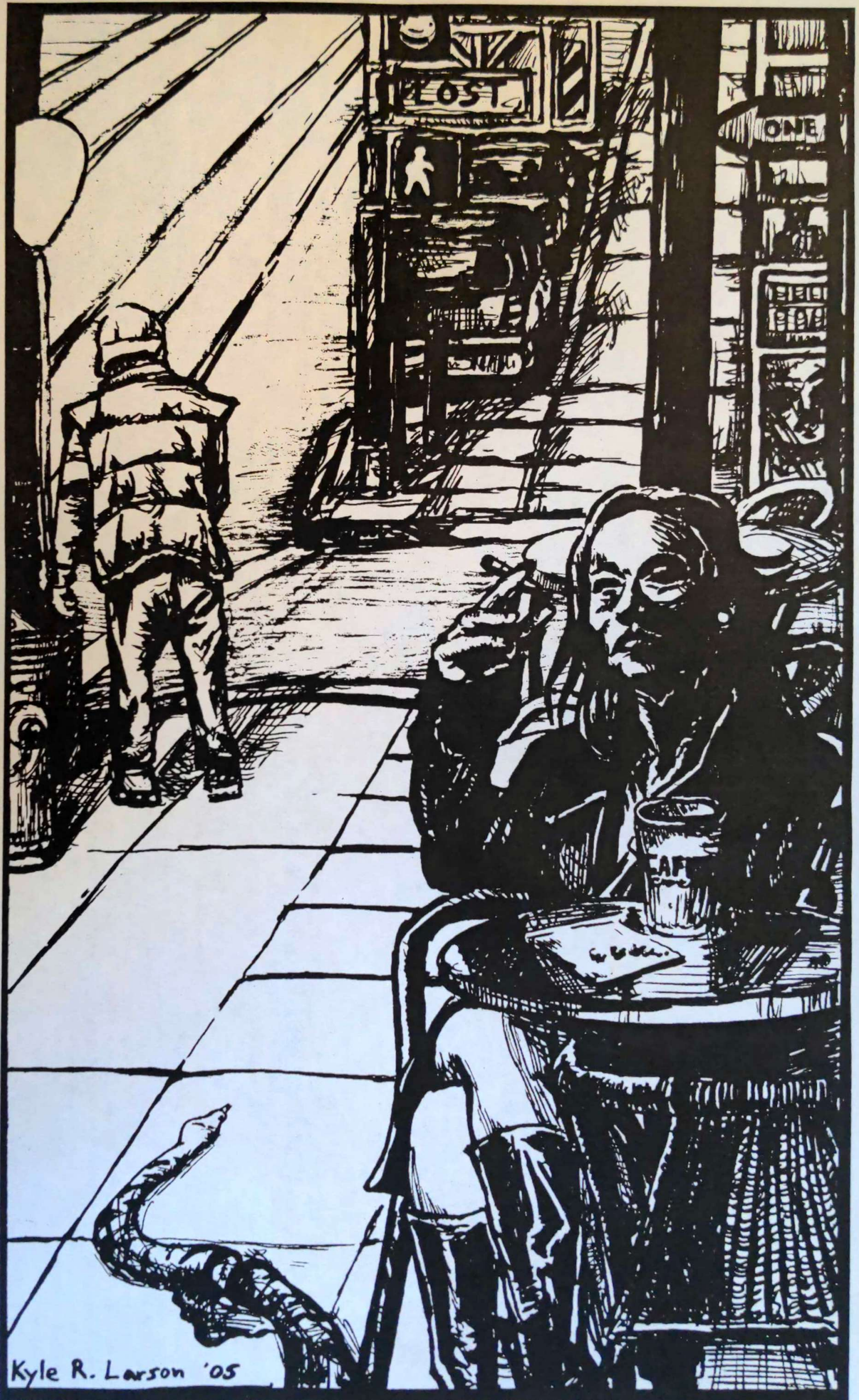
He shook his head crazy like before sayin, "yes sir Henry, I understand you perfectly."

"You tell um all sheriff, you tell um what happened here today and what will happen if they decide to try this again. Now go on. Get."

The sheriff staggered to his feet and scampered like a wounded dog toward his cruiser. After fumblin with the keys he was off down the drive. That was the last I'd see of sheriff Hastings, that I was sure of, but them others. I knew it wasn't over, they would always come back cause them things got no sense to do otherwise.

I unchained them dogs and sat back on the porch rubbin down pa's shotgun with a damp oilcloth. Them dogs ran around barkin at nothing exactly, but I figured they was just happy to be unchained is all. I thought about pa then and a smile was brought instantly to my face. Pa would be proud of me.





Kyle R. Larson '05



Be Brave Bold Robot, issue 14, Autumn (and into the Winter) 2005, Sacramento, California, USA, Earth, Solar System, Galaxy Milky Way, Universe This One. All pieces property of piece makers. No reprinting or anything smarmy like that, please, without permission, at least. so for that permission, or to contribute or rant or something, please email the contact at www.bebaveboldrobot.org. again, please and thank you for that. And thanks for reading Zines. Zines are fun and people should read them. Sure, some "suck", but usually it is because they are presented in such a subjective format that it takes a bit of exposure, and usually repeated exposure, as moods and appreciation change and flux with each other and with the weather and with our individual trials and tribulations. Like that. contributing awesome people whose names are not with their pieces: Dean Haakenson, Timothy Haakenson, Courtney Richmond, Doug Shackey, and Cassandra Smith.

Skin heating techniques

The efficiency of this is best tested on your hands. If they are particularly cold, first touch them against a warm part of your body to gauge their temperature, then practise the following technique:

- First, imagine that the blood vessels in your hands have become wide open and that hot blood is pumping right

through the hands and into the fingertips.

- While you are doing this, also imagine that you are immersing your hands in a thick, very warm orange liquid.

- Finally, while doing the above, actually look at your hands and believe that you have total control over all of your bodily processes.

If you follow the stages above, after one or two minutes the temperature of your hands should be warm, even hot if done successfully. Oriental practitioners of martial arts such as aikido and chi gong have long demonstrated the power of temperature change, a practice which is just starting to become accepted in the West.

On Why My Refusal to Play Advertising Executive Apparently Makes Me an A-Hole By Mark Pepper

At work this morning, it somehow came up in conversation with a co-worker, that I play guitar. This usually leads to the standard question: do you have a band? It's a perfectly fine question, and I answered yes—even if this “band” doesn't really have any of our songs completed, has never played a show, and seems to have a revolving-door member policy long before the drug addictions and egos that would make such a policy cool. Then, with the inevitable momentum of Rosie O'Donnell at an all-you-can-eat-buffet, my co-worker asked the question I loathe: what kind of music do you play?

Rarely is a harder and more pointless question asked (expect maybe, how did Pauly Shore become famous?). The impossibility of answering this question has lead to the creation of such ludicrous titles as grunge, nu metal, and my personal favorite love-to-hate, emo (honestly, what the fuck categorizes something as emo? Nobody has ever given me a satisfactory answer, and I doubt someone ever will). Rock means nothing anymore (if it ever did), a band like Poison was called Metal at one point, when Country can mean Hank Williams or Shania Twain we've obviously got a problem, and Alternative was always a title more based in ironic anti-cool than any specific statement about the music's sound. To be straight to the point (for once), label categories for music exist for one sole purpose—to make record companies money. They serve no aesthetic purpose what so ever. If record companies didn't exist and didn't need to bathe and take enemas with cash, the only categories anyone would need are: music you'll like and music you won't like. Instead, we are subjected to these god-awful hybrid labels that allow product placement in stores, radio station homes, and that all-important golden ticket to be featured on MTV—the official arbiter of cool.

And nobody wants to hear a diatribe about this when they ask the “what do you sound like” question; in fact (if they're like most people) they're only asking to make polite conversation anyway and could really give a fuck what your little band sounds like. So you would think a polite “it's hard to say,” or “you know . . . guitar, bass, drums,” would give these people a clue and shut them up. But that's never good enough. So these scholars always proceed to ask, “well, what other bands do you sound like?” The fact that this question can even exist proves that being derivative or unoriginal is no longer a crime in this culture . . . and that makes me weep like the cutting of a hundred giant onions. At least this question allows me to have some fun. Such as . . .

“We sound like the old ironic Weezer crossed with the new un-ironic Weezer with all the vocal confidence of an Alanis Morissette style screech that doesn't really know what irony means.”

“We sound like Black Sabbath if they were born in Wyoming and grew up listening to Ringo Starr solo albums.”

“We sound like Blue Oyster Cult without the cowbell, crossed with pre-Justin Britney Spears production, thrown into a blender with Frank Zappa's underwear after a show and a bit of GG Allen bile thrown in for good measure.”

If you wanna know what my band, or anyone else's sounds like, just wait for the album, the show, the Behind the Music special, or shut up and remember that the band your talking about is never ever going to make it anyway and all such questions are basically irrelevant.

“like”

(all alone like that, with emphasis on repeating)

reminds me of scrambled eggs and ketchup.

of dry toast with peanut butter,

and peanut butter with oil sitting at the top

cause what's it doing there, oil on peanut butter

and what was she thinking, buying this peanut butter

with oil on top.

(we didn't know, and we pretended not to like it,

this newness)

and of changing furniture,

of the ashtray by the couch always

and (look mom, shes pretending to really smoke).

like is stuck in a tree, and a slow turtle with a military name.

is dehydrated food in an oily garage, is wooden slats and

rubber tires everywhere.

its a crucifix for i.dont.know.why, is beads and is catechism and

(she cant do that. she hasn't been baptized)

and me just wishing i had.

(that bread and that water and that wine)

and it is hairspray and ghost stories,

football helmets on bicycles in a street called circle.

its later on, too.

its smoking yard grass like drugs,

watching them kissing like sex.

its not belonging and still knowing

and not running

and sometimes running

but through ditches with laid pipes and over.our.heads

and sometimes dirt falling

and still playing and small town

and red houses on fire

and not being my neighborhood but always thinking it was.

Hot Cross Buns

Adam James Heulton

Scene opens with mom and daughter in kitchen

Daughter
Hey Mom! Watcha makin?!

Mom
Hot Cross buns, honey. You wanna help mommy out? I need 2 dozen for the church bake sale tomorrow.

Daughter
Okie dokie. (Pauses to look at the buns on the table.)

Mom
Do you know the story of Hot Cross buns?

Daughter
No mommy.

Mom
Well, a long time ago, well, never mind. I don't really know it...
(A magical man appears from stage right, or left, I really don't care)

Man
I know the origins of hot cross buns!

Daughter
Mommy, who's that man in our kitchen?

Mom
How did you get in the house?

Man
I crawled through your daughter's window! Also, I have a story to share with the both of you.

Daughter
Are you going to tell us the story of Hot Cross Buns?

Man

No. I'm here to teach you two about safety.

Mom

Yeah, that's an important subject these days!

Man

It sure is. I mean, I just climbed in through the window. In the time it took for me to introduce myself to the both of you, I could have bound you and your daughter up in some kind of tape you had lying around.

Daughter

(Concerned) Then what would you have done to us?

Man

(Kneels down to daughter)

I...I don't know honey... I guess I would have told you the story of Hot Cross Buns!

Mom

Well, I guess I wouldn't have minded that too much.

Man

Well, then let me tell you the story!

Daughter

Hooray!

Mom

Thank God.

Man

No. I don't know the story for real. I only know one story, the story of an unsuspecting mother and daughter, snuggled safely in their home, unaware of the terror crawling into their window...

Mom

Oh dear! What happens to them?

Man

Well, I'll tell you- they both, the both of them, are baking something...

Daughter
Hot cross buns?

Man
(Shocked) Heavens no! I mean, yes. Yes they are.

Mom
Were they for a bake sale?

Man
How'd you know?

Daughter
Mom, is he talking about us?

Mom
I think he is dear.

Man
Well, in the next part of the story, the mom and daughter get bound in masking tape and-

Mom
You're talking about us aren't you??

Man
The less you talk, the more I can tell.

Daughter
Do you need a place to stay tonight? Mom! He can stay in my room tonight, and you can sleep outside!

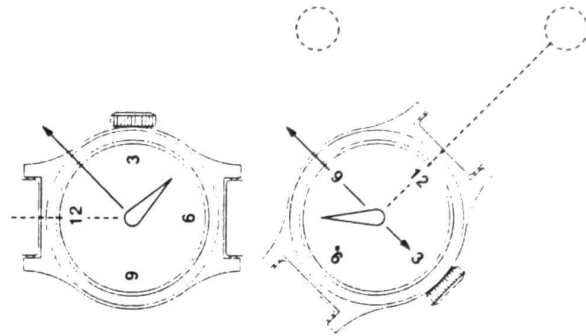
Mom
In the cold?! Okay!

Man
(Crying with joy) Oh, bless you sweet hearts! Bless these sweet buns!! (sweeps hands over buns)

(Everyone holds hands and bows)

Watch navigation

In the northern hemisphere bisect the angle between the hour hand pointing at the sun and the 12 mark to give a north-south line. In the southern hemisphere point 12 at the sun.



“Restaurant Job”

I gotta get high to work this restaurant job.
It’s the most peaceful restaurant job I’ve ever had,
But I still gotta get high.

When I’m sober as a cold shower,
The customers bother me.
Surely, this is a failing of my own,
A failure to love all as my brothers and sisters,
But a failing I have not yet overcome, nonetheless.

I get upset that the customers eat meat,
Even though I work at a BBQ joint.
I sometimes want to say when I see a stroller,
“How could you possibly have kids at a time like this?”
But who are they to swim against the socio-biological paradigm?

Who am I, for that matter?

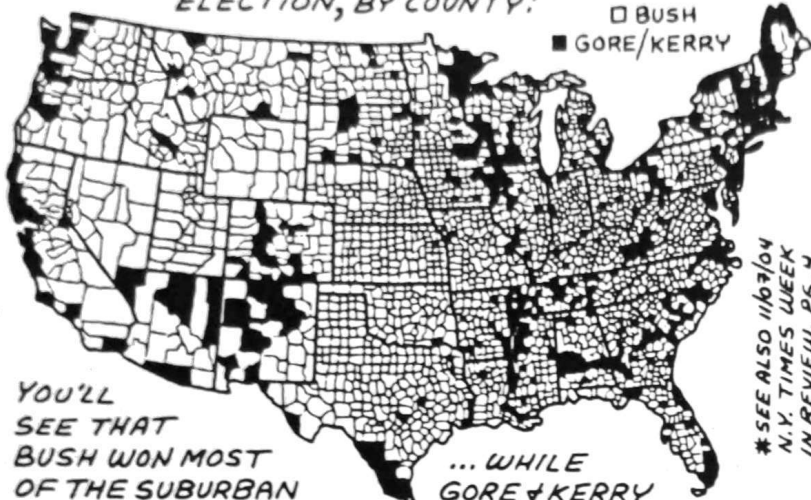
I don’t know a whole lot about myself, but a few things are clear,
At least they were, but I forgot them.
Did I tell you I **GOTTA** get high to work this restaurant job?

HOW POLITICS RELATE TO TRANSPORTATION

(OR "WHERE YOU LIVE MAY DETERMINE HOW YOU VOTE"...) BY ANDY SINGER

LOOK AT A MAP OF THE 2000 OR 2004 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, BY COUNTY:

□ BUSH
■ GORE/KERRY



YOU'LL SEE THAT BUSH WON MOST OF THE SUBURBAN AND EXURBAN AREAS...

... WHILE GORE & KERRY WON MOST OF THE CITIES.

*SEE ALSO 11/6/04 N.Y. TIMES WEEK IN REVIEW, PG. 4

EXCEPTIONS WERE INDIAN RESERVATIONS, WHICH VOTED DEMOCRATIC, AND LOW DENSITY SPRAWLING CITIES, LIKE HOUSTON, WHICH WENT FOR BUSH. IF MOST OF YOUR STATE'S RESIDENTS LIVED IN DENSE, URBAN AREAS, YOUR STATE WENT FOR GORE OR KERRY. IF MOST OF YOUR STATE LIVED IN SUBURBS, IT WENT FOR BUSH. THUS, POLITICS HAVE BECOME AN **URBAN vs. SUBURBAN WAR!**



THIS RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN DENSITY AND POLITICS MAKES SENSE. BY NECESSITY, CITIES FOSTER TOLERANCE, SINCE PEOPLE ARE FORCED TO LIVE CLOSER TOGETHER. BECAUSE THEIR PROBLEMS ARE BIGGER AND MORE CONCENTRATED, CITIES ALSO FOSTER COLLECTIVE PROBLEM SOLVING, LIKE GOVERNMENT SOCIAL PROGRAMS OR PUBLIC TRANSPORT. SUBURBS, BY CONTRAST, TEND TO FOSTER ISOLATIONISM, INTOLERANT AND MORE UNILATERAL VALUES:

BIG LAWN ISOLATE HOMES

ENTRY AND EXIT VIA GARAGES LIMITS CONTACT WITH NEIGHBORS

ONLY GET 'MAINSTREAM' MEDIA, AND LACK ACCESS TO ALTERNATIVE WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS, COLLEGE RADIO, COMMUNITY RADIO AND (IN PLACES) EVEN N.P.R. THUS, SUBURBANITES CAN BE MANIPULATED BY CORPORATE MEDIA AND CORRUPT GOVERNMENTS



NO SIDEWALKS OR PUBLIC TRANSIT ON WHICH TO MEET OTHER PEOPLE. ALL TRANSPORT IS IN ISOLATION OF CARS. SOME SUBURBS EVEN LACK COLLECTIVE SEWERS, AND RELY ON INDIVIDUAL SEPTICS

2004 MARKS A TURNING POINT. THANKS TO SPRAWL, WE HAVE BECOME A **SUBURBAN NATION**, WITH A SUBURBAN PRESIDENT, WHO IS PROMOTING SUBURBAN VALUES.



HIGHWAYS AND CARS CREATE AND ENABLE SUBURBAN SPRAWL.



IF WE WANT TO PRESERVE OUR PLANET AND TOLERANT, COOPERATIVE POLITICS, WE MUST **STOP BUILDING HIGHWAYS** AND INSTEAD PROMOTE DENSE, WALKABLE CITIES... AND MORE PUBLIC TRANSIT!

